

## The Evening World.

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## NOT MADNESS.

THAT the German Government can ever justify the drowning of innocent and defenseless neutrals on the Lusitania no American believes.

That the warmakers at Berlin mean to defend the act with cool assurance and with every explanation that ingenuity can furnish begins to be plain.

Which should impress upon us the truth:  
German authority has not gone mad. It is not blinded by insane fury or ferocity. It is no Mad Mullah.

If Germany has chosen to act as an outlaw nation, be sure she has done so with methodical calculation. Never believe that Prussian militarism has thrown over efficiency and thoroughness for frenzy. If it has determined to be a pirate it will be an efficient pirate. If it has set out to demolish international law the wrecking will be done with scientific skill—its scheme of self-justification already mapped out.

This makes the massacre of Americans on an unarmed ocean liner premeditated crime—as cold-blooded, as ruthless, as inhuman as the policy that trampled Belgium under the feet of armies.

Already Germany has hastened to declare the Lusitania an armed vessel. If she was a ship of war a foe could fairly attack her without warning. The British Admiralty emphatically denies that the Lusitania carried a single gun. The Collector of this port from his own knowledge confirms England's denial. On Fact Number One Germany loses.

But—fact must continue to meet fact. The first duty of this Government is to make its case proof against every resource of subtlety. Calm deliberation, the patient weighing of facts, the imperturbable courage of certainty once established—these are what the country needs at its service now; what it confidently believes the President will supply.

The German war machine has proved itself a murderer. But it is not an insane murderer. It is the most deliberate, articulate force of destruction the brain of man has yet evolved. If our indictment of its acts is to stand—unanswerable, overwhelming—in the Court of History, that indictment must be drawn authoritatively and with a master hand.

## THIS CITY MUST BE HEARD.

OPEN hearings before Gov. Whitman on waste and extravagance in the appropriation bills now awaiting his signature begin this week.

The twenty million dollars of tribute which the late Legislature levied upon the taxpayers of the State aroused a storm of protest. That protest is now ready to converge upon the Chief Executive. Before \$14,000,000 of the direct tax is squeezed out of this city Greater New York's \$8,000,000,000 of heavily taxed realty means to be heard.

The Evening World has carefully taken to pieces items of the State budget. Its discoveries have shown that a round \$10,000,000 a year could be saved. Ten million dollars more of proposed outlay could be postponed until the city is better able to furnish money.

The Evening World's figures will be presented at the hearings. Representatives of thousands of property owners in the five boroughs will ask the Governor to give his home city a square deal.

It is with no thought of politics that Greater New York's protesting delegation journeys to Albany. The sole aim of the protestants is to free the city from the intolerable burden a reckless Legislature loaded upon it.

The question is one of justice, Governor. Stop extravagance before its taxes mean confiscation.

## REWARDS FOR FIREMEN.

NOT every man among the city's fire fighters gets a chance to be a hero. Is it fair that only striking acts of bravery should be recognized and rewarded, that steady, efficient service year in and year out should go unmarked?

Fire Commissioner Adamson has appointed a committee of department officials to see whether a way can be found to make general faithfulness and excellence of work count in the rating of firemen.

Under the present practice only those awards granted by the Board of Merit for heroism at fires are credited in the individual records of officers and men.

This is unjust. The chance to win applause can be only occasional. Opportunity for hard, perilous work is constant. Though a fireman may never "make a rescue" or thrill a crowd, if his whole record is one of danger bravely met and duty faithfully performed, who says he is less than a hero?

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Fellow who stays off the game of chance appears to have the best chance.—Macon Telegraph.

One advantage in talking with yourself is that you can't agree with everything that is said.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The things which don't concern women are usually the things that give them the most concern.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A promoter is usually a person who

is able to convince some people that something that he doesn't want himself is extremely valuable.—Albany Journal.

Be content with doing the things that you know you ought to do; don't try to do all the things that others tell you ought to do.—Albany Journal.

After a man has absorbed a few eye-openers he finds it impossible to keep his mouth shut.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

## Letters From the People

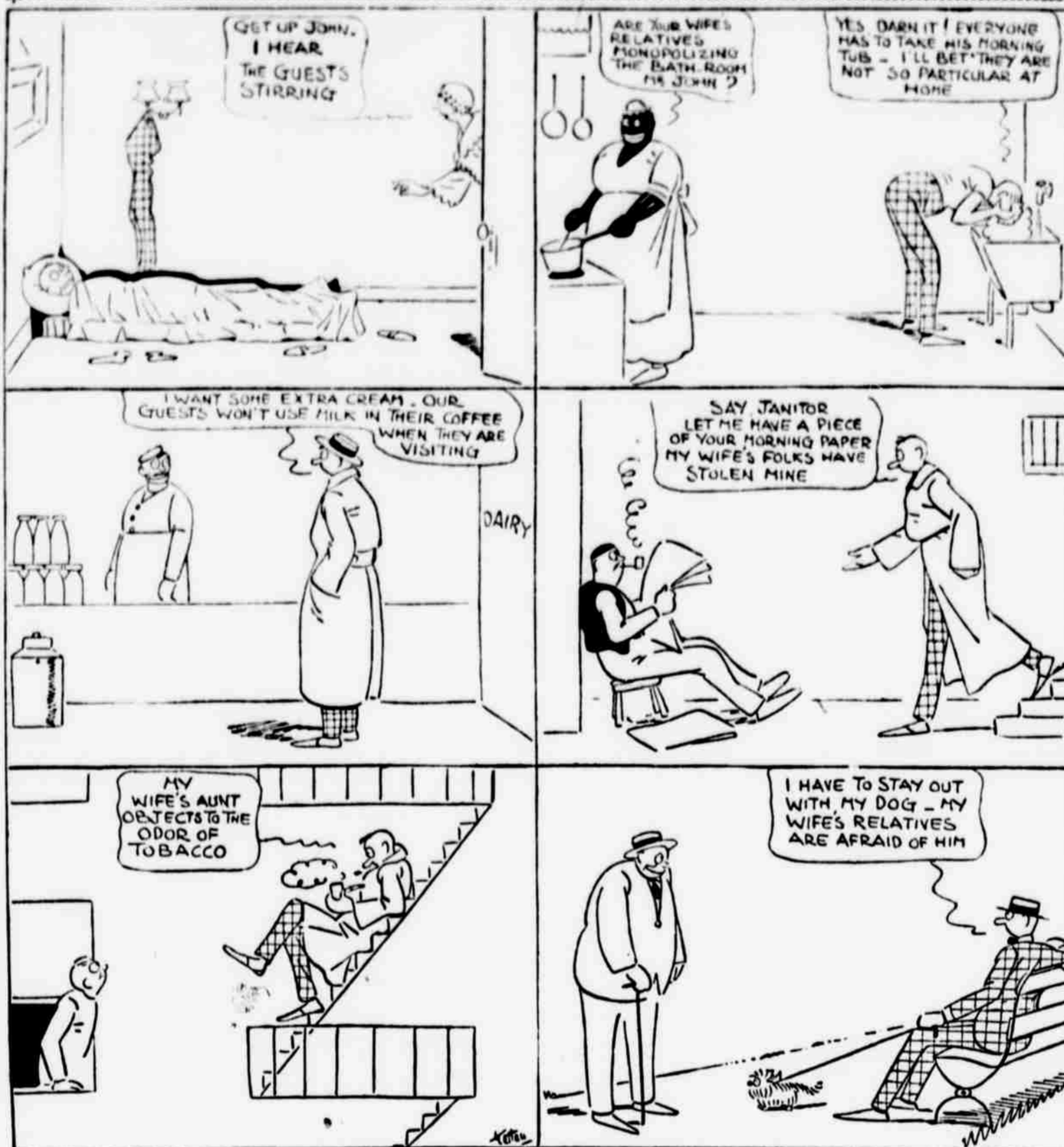
"Much Practical Good."

To the Editor of The Evening World: That Billy Sunday is doing much practical good there is not the slightest doubt, irrespective of his peculiar methods. It is very bad taste, I think, on the part of certain people to criticize Mr. Sunday, who seems to reach the hearts of the great majority of people more effectively than almost any one else. Why doesn't some one else start a series of revivals and work

with true earnestness to stamp out sin? Many more religious workers are needed, for Billy Sunday cannot meet the great demand. It is not necessary, but just get right down to hard, conscientious work and present Christianity in all of its pristine glory. The world is sighing for primitive lessons as taught by the New Testament. It seems to me we are a lot of moral cowards to make Billy do all the work. E. F. Westwood, N. J.

## The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten

The Jarr Family  
By Roy L. McCardell

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IT was one of those fine days in May, a soft breeze tempering the bright sun, as Mr. Jarr stopped briskly toward the subway station, feeling at peace with all the world.

He was just about to descend into the subway when he stopped short. He remembered he had forgotten something very important. Just what it was he had forgotten and remembered he had forgotten he could not recollect at first. Then, as he mentally reviewed the incidents of his departure from home, it occurred to him that he had forgotten to kiss Mrs. Jarr goodbye.

He remembered now that Mrs. Jarr's parting look had been most searching. She had remembered he had forgotten and she was not likely to forget it either.

So Mr. Jarr hastened back. "It seemed so strange to be getting away to the office in plenty of time and not having to rush for it," he started to explain, "that in the excitement I forgot to kiss you goodbye."

"So I noticed," said Mrs. Jarr coolly.

"Why didn't you remind me of it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why didn't you say, 'Haven't you forgotten something?' or 'Aren't you going to kiss me?'"

"I hope I have more pride than that," said Mrs. Jarr icily. "If you regard it so lightly that the fact that you are up a little earlier makes you forget it I'm sure I am not going to remind you."

"If it is a matter of so much regret to you that you came back, I'm sure it's no compliment that you did return," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I've been remiss I know," said Mr. Jarr. "But a lot of important things were on my mind."

"Important things?" queried Mrs. Jarr.

"Nothing as important as kissing you goodbye, of course," he hurried to say. "For instance, I forgot other things, too. I forgot to take some cigars with me. While I have that box of cigars there's no use of my buying any downtown."

And he stepped over to the box on the mantelpiece, opened it and put several cigars in his upper vest pocket.

"At least, you might be frank with me," said Mrs. Jarr, brokenly. "But that's always the way. A woman makes a fool of herself over a man."

And much he cared! He doesn't care for her any more than he does for an cigar. For he will come back for a cigar, but he will walk right past his wife without giving her a thought, without saying goodbye!"

"But I came back, you see I came back," explained the flustered Mr. Jarr. "And that's just what I have been saying: If you remembered I hadn't kissed you goodbye, why didn't you call me back?"

"I'd never do that!" said Mrs. Jarr into her handkerchief. "Never!"

"Oh, well, I am sorry," said Mr. Jarr. "I knew you'd feel bad about it, and as I had plenty of time, I rushed back."

"For the old cigars!" sniffed Mrs. Jarr.

"Not at all, not at all!" said Mr. Jarr heartily. "There! That's all I care for old cigars!" and he took them from his pocket and threw them carelessly on the table. "Oh, gee! I'm late, as usual!" he cried, as he nervously looked at his watch. And out he rushed.

Speeding downtown in a crowded express, he suddenly started a surprised old gentleman by exclaiming: "Holy crickets! I forgot to kiss my wife!"

"Well, let Oliver do it!" snarled the sour-faced old gent.

Now, there dwelt two damsels in Babylon; and the first of these was a Serious Thinker, who spoke, saying:

"Lo, I would be of USE in the world; and all my dreams are of INDEPENDENCE, and Art, and a bachelor flat and a latchkey."

"Yes, I shall dwell among those who 'do things'; and Fame shall place laurels upon my brow and cast roses at my feet."

"For Matrimony is the price of Freedom; and an Husband only a consolation prize!"

But the other damsel spoke softly, saying:

"Behold, I desire only these: even the devotion of ONE husband, and a rose-colored boudoir. A real lace breakfast cap. And a silver tea service. And 'Mrs.' upon my calling card."

"For MARRIAGE is the Miracle which transformeth a woman from a Holder-of-Hands into a Folder-of-Hands."

Now, it came to pass, after many years, that I found the First Damsel in a suburban cottage.

And her arms were full of children, and her house was covered with roses. And she bubbled sweetly, saying: "Look upon me, my Mother; for I am exceeding HAPPY. Yes, I am blessed; for, behold, I have the devotion of ONE man, and a rose-colored boudoir, and a silver tea-service, and breakfast caps of real lace, and five children, all of them Paragon!"

And when I reminded her of her Dream of Independence she mocked me with her "Ha-ha!" saying:

"Go to! I WAS simple! For what is the admiration of the whole world compared to the devotion of a Real Husband? Nay, verily, I would rather be happy than 'useful,' and married than Intellectual; and love in a cottage is better than loneliness in the Hall of Fame!"

"And behold! I found the second damsel in the hall room of a boarding house in West Eleventh Street.

And her dwelling place, like unto her hair, was frowzy; and her dressing-gown of flannellette. Yet she greeted me cheerily, saying:

"Behold, my Mother, a 'Famous Woman!' For already my name is spoken in the market-places, and my poems are in the magazines, and my desk is littered with letters from ADMIRERS. Lo! I am exceedingly joyful, for I have my latchkey and my WORK and mine Independence. Alas! what a Fool was I to think that an Husband could take the place of a CAREER!"

And in my heart I laughed, saying:

"The dreams of maidenhood are as the mists of morning, which pass away and are forgotten."

"For Life is a Game of Chance, in which the 'IDEAL' is never like unto the 'DEAL.'"

And the WINNER is not she who holdeth the best hand, but she who playeth best the hand which she holdeth. Hahah.

## Mr. Jarr Remembers What He Forgot;

Then Forgets What He Remembered

old rag or an old broom or an old wife without giving her a thought, without saying goodbye!"

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## Betty Vincent's

Advice to Lovers

THE young man of to-day should not forget the little courtesies in his dealings with women. A girl may believe in woman suffrage, but nevertheless she likes to have a man open the door for her and pick up her handkerchief. These concessions to good manners were originally based on the fact that woman's physical strength is less than man's, and that relation between them still holds. In the hustling, hurly-burly of modern life it is easy for a man to forget politeness—easy for him to say that he "hasn't time." But the little courtesies take only a moment or two, and they mark the difference between the gentleman and the thoughtless if well-meaning boor.

Morals are, of course, more vitally important than manners, but the latter are very pleasant to have around.

"C. P." writes: "Three years ago I fell in love with a young lady who at first seemed to reciprocate my affection. But for the last year she has been acting most capriciously, sometimes seeming to want my friendship and other times absolutely ignoring me. She has also shown jealousy, although she has had no cause for it. I think that the idle criticisms of some of her girl friends have done harm to me. Do you think she really cares for me, or shall I try to forget her?"

I am afraid your happiness would not be very safe in the hands of a person so fickle and so easily influenced. I suggest that you stop seeing her for a period, and see what effect that has on you both.

## Editorials by Women

## WOMEN AND WAR BABIES.

By Marguerite Moore Marshall.

THE French Government has safeguarded the economic future of its war babies by arranging for state adoption. In one way or another the English Government is bound to make similar provision.

It is within the power of the women of France, of England, of America, to solve the real problem of the war babies and of the peace babies who are their little brothers in misfortune. It is women, and women alone, who might lift the weight of abominable social injustice from every baby, everywhere, born without benefit of clergy.

When we read that the children of a criminal were hanged, burned or beheaded, according to the punishment meted out to the guilty man himself, we are appalled at the blind brutality of the proceeding. Even Charles Dickens's pictures of the helpless children of a debtor playing about his prison made thousands weep.

Yet babies just as helpless, just as guiltless, society punishes with pitiless ostracism because their parents have disregarded the marriage laws. For a mercifully brief slaughter of the innocents has been substituted a lifelong torture of the innocents.

Why should not every woman's club, every suffrage organization pledge itself, individually and collectively, to be at least as fair as the governments of men, to help, not hurt, the "war babies" of the coming generation?

Those who urge that refusing to penalize these little victims "encourages immorality" also argue that providing free school lunches for the children of penniless parents "encourages poverty."

Already we have begun to answer that the children should not suffer for the poverty of the fathers. How long must children be a vicious social sacrifice for the sins of the fathers?

## Ten Peace Treaties That Ended Great Wars

By Albert Payson Terhune.

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NO. 1.—TREATY OF RYSWICK, Ending the "Grand Alliance" War.

A WRINKLED little man, who wore high heels to eke out his height and a huge wig to add dignity to his book-nosed face, once declared "The State is I!" and he set out to prove it.

He was Louis XIV., King of France, known to history as "The Grand Monarch;" and at once one of the greatest and one of the pettiest men in all French history. He had had the wit to surround himself with men far greater than he; so that the first half of his reign was France's golden age. Literature, art, music and statesmanship flourished at his court. His generals won him thousands of miles of new territory. All Europe trembled under his lash, as later under Napoleon's.

But as time went on, he found himself in the position of many another celebrity who has lived only for self and not for mankind. The men who had made his reign glorious were dying off. The wicked and beautiful women who had adorned his court were either dead or were now only wrinkled and old.

Then it was that Europe combined against him. William III., King of England, made war on France, as a check to Louis's boundless ambition, and Spain, Germany, Holland and several lesser powers promptly allied themselves with England.

Thus, in 1688, began the bloody "War of the Grand Alliance." France alone against nearly all the rest of the civilized world.

For eight years the war continued. It raged from one end of Europe to the other. It crossed into America. It was fought on many seas. Half the continent was swept by it.

Oddly enough, France won almost every battle; yet, yearly, France grew weaker while the allies waxed stronger. Peace overtures were made in 1696. But the King of England angrily refused them, saying: "We will make a treaty only with swords in our hands!"

Yet, the next year, the King of Sweden interceded so effectively for peace that both sides agreed to a conference. The French delegates made their headquarters at The Hague. The allies' commissioners were quartered at Delft. And the conference itself was held at the Netherlands town of Ryswick.

Months of futile dispute and argument followed, leading nowhere. At last, it was agreed to leave the whole affair in the hands of one English and one French commissioner. These two men quickly came to an understanding, and the Treaty of Ryswick was drawn up and ratified. It had been no easy job to suit every one. Each of the allies had demanded a share in the spoils, while France, still unbeaten, snarled over every concession she was forced to make.

By the final terms, the treaty demanded that Louis acknowledge William III. as lawful King of England and cease giving aid to William's fallen rival, James II.

That France give back to Spain all the territory snatched from her by the French armies of late years, cede to Germany the Duchy of Lorraine and certain Rhine cities, and give back several captured Netherlands fortresses to Holland.

In return, France was merely allowed to keep Strasbourg and some other districts of Alsace, which Louis had seized in 1681, and was given a clear title to Nova Scotia and Pondicherry.

Briefly, France lost everything she had won during the past twenty years of continuous warfare. It was a mortal blow to Louis's pride. He had, for the best part of a half century, been the bully of Europe. And now the fruits of his bullying and of better men's genius were wrested from him. His adviser, Vauban, cried in rage, on hearing of the Ryswick Treaty:

"We have always beaten the enemy in this war. Yet we make a peace that dishonors our King and our nation!"

## Pop's Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward

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I DON'T see why Mrs. Green doesn't ask her brother to take her around in his car. Why do I have to have all these loose chores wished on me?" grumbled Pop.

"Well, I guess she and her brother's wife don't get on any too well; so she doesn't like to ask for the car."

"Where's she going to take a cottage?" inquired Pop, grumpily.

"She hasn't quite decided. She has three or four pretty summer places in view."

"Well, if she thinks that I'm going to chase all over Long Island and give free cartage to a bunch of piker real estate agents and spoil my Saturday she's very much mistaken. Gosh! Suppose she has Southampton or Montauk Point in view—what then?"

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" reproved Mr. Green, arranging her emerald green motor veil. "She wants some place where Jim can commute. It'll be near the city. Come on. And, for goodness' sake, look pleasant!"

We had stilled the cottage-to-rent lists of Peonia-by-the-Sea, Opat Beach and Joyhurst and were now on our way to view the marvels of Maple Manor.

The agent (heft 275) was squeezed into the front seat next to Pop. He had forgotten his cigarettes and matches and, up to the minute, had

drawn on Pop for six smokes and a full box of safeties. He turned around to Mrs. Green and blew a blast of Connecticut-Turkish blend full into Pop's diaphanous nostrils.

"As I understand it," he said suavely, "you wish a ten-room cottage, with three baths, near the water, but surrounded by shade trees, a large veranda and screened sleeping porch, garden and a gas range, for a vegetable and fifty dollars for the season."

Pop snorted and we skidded two feet in a sand rut.

"Well," continued the agent, "I don't think you'll find it."

And she didn't.

That's the way when we brought her back to her door, after we had suffered two blow-outs, a leaky radiator and a shortage of oil, she grasped Pop's hand in both of hers and

gushed:

"Thank you SO much, dear Mr. Mitt. It was just an experiment. I was trying. My brother offered to let me have his car for as long as I wanted it. But I know what these summer cottage agents are and I know if I appeared in a handsome expensive machine they'd look me. I thought in a cheap little car like yours they'd know I wasn't able to afford high rates and let me down easy—but I see it doesn't work. So to-morrow well have my comfort as long as they're not going to take anything off anyway. Thank you again!"